

Eng. Poetry vol 21.

2 1/2 d.

The Fate of T R A Y T O R S.

A

P O E M

U P O N T H E

R E B E L L I O N.

Causa Patrocinio non bona pejor erit.

*Atheists bewail'd the CHURCH's Cruel Fate ;
And Beggars fear'd the Ruin of the STATE.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL, at the Dial and Bible against
St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. 1716.

2. April.

THE NEW YORK

A

P. O. F. M.

U. S. N. T. S.



RECEIVED

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK



ti
li
a



TO THE
 Right H O N O U R A B L E
 G E O R G E,
 EARL of *HALIFAX*.

My L O R D,

AT it please Your L O R D-
 M SHIP to accept this mean
 Performance, Animated by
 that Heroic Spirit, and Firm Reso-
 lution, which Your L O R D S H I P,
 and other Honourable Patriots have
 A 2 shown,

shown, Acting for the Necessary Defence, and Security of our Church and Nation, against the most Senseless Opposition, and a Flagrant, Horrible Rebellion, equally Unnatural, and Causeless in its Beginning, and Scandalous in its Progress and Conclusion.

Thanks be to G O D, that those Evil Spirits are now Charm'd down, which troubled these Happy Regions ! And the Clouds dispers'd, will only give more Advantage to the future Glory of his M A J E S T Y ' S Auspicious Reign !

What Nobler Idea can we possibly form of Your L O R D S H I P and the Present M I N I S T R Y, than to Esteem You, what You Really Approve Your Selves, the very Reverse of those Mock-Patriots here pointed at in the following

The Dedication.

iv

following P O E M ; and since that
Ignominious Mark set upon them by
the August Assembly of Parliament,
deservedly Hiss'd at, and Scorn'd by
all, who retain any Right Taste of
Things, and are True Lovers of the
British Constitution.

My LORD,

That Bright and Conspicuous Ex-
ample Your LORDSHIP is pleas'd
to vouchsafe Us, Of Stedfast Loyal-
ty and Attachment to his MAJE-
STY King GEORGE, and
His Illustrious Family ; of indefati-
gable Zeal and Industry for promo-
ting Publick Good ; of Prudence and
Generosity, and the most obliging Af-
fability to All who have the Happi-
ness of Waiting upon You ; as it daily
creates an Addition to the Number of
Your

*Your LORDSHIP's Admirers ; so
it will the more easily account for the
Confidence of this Dedication, from
One, who is Ambitious of no greater
Honour, than to be thought,*

My LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

most Obedient,

and Devoted,

Humble Servant.

W. H.



THE
Fate of *Traytors* :
A
P O E M.



RE these the *Britons*, whom ye stil'd ?
[the Bold,
The Wise, the Good ? But brib'd
[with *Gallic* Gold,

Purchas'd the Hero with their Country fold.

Go then, Ye Traytors ! Exil'd may They be,
Whose just Disgraces date our *Liberty*.

That Faithless *Scheme* will now no longer bear ;
Th' Abandon'd Authors raving in Despair.

As

As late *Britannia* made her fearful Moan,
 And They remorseless heard whole Nations groan ;
 Unpitied now, They bite the Foreign Chain,
 Where doom'd to Hate, if GEORGE securely reign,
 Our Joys increasing, aggravate their Pain.

Tempt me no more False Patriots to befriend ;
 It's equal, Crimes to Act, or to Defend :
 T' extol an Upstart for Paternal Care,
 When Frauds and Treachery create the Peer,
 And toss the Villain in the Senate-Chair.
 Eternal Massy Columns stand so strong,
 And Faithful Barriers, fix'd for *Right* and *Wrong*,
 That who so pushes 'gainst the Sacred Walls,
 Fate's sworn Revenge ! Disgrac'd, and backward
 [falls.
 There *Rule Divine* sways an impartial Nod,
 And They who strike the Bulwark, rouse the
 [G O D.

At

At the first Birth, and dubious Dawn of Things,
E're Forms crept forth, of Vassals, or of
[Kings;

Or Genial Nature cou'd distinctly show
The Lord, the Link, the Fidler, or the Beau;
E're Elbowing Systems jostl'd in the Vie,

Who'll make the greater Figure, You, or I?

Or Worlds to Civil Government were strung,
In Purest Space Untainted Matter hung;

By mutual Love each Kindly Orb sustain'd,

And Solemn Innocence supinely reign'd.

Now blind with Light, with sound Instruction
[bad;

Maim'd with Perfection, with Indulgence mad;

By Choice confounding all th' Harmonious Plan;

Him must we style a *Monster*, or a *Man*?

Thy Rites, O *Numa*! when divinely taught;

And thine, Proud *Tarquin*, when so dearly bought,

B

Tho'

Tho' nothing else, the *Latin* Heroes fear'd ;
 To thee, *Lycurgus*, *Sparta* Statues rear'd ;
 And *Solon*, *Greece*, for his just Laws, rever'd.

Unhappy *Albion* ! to thy Sons alone
 All Sacred Obligations seem'd unknown !
 Enforc'd by Higher, and a Mightier Power,
 Thy Offspring, with themselves, have sunk them

Tho' purchas'd dear, and seal'd with Gen'rous
 [lower. Blood,

For Private Views, They sold the Publick Good.

Thy Civil and Religious Rights were broke ;

How sacrific'd at one Licentious Stroke,

By Tricking *Oxford*, and Lewd *Bolingbroke* !

They, who e're while did Brightest Stars appear,
 Proud to amuse th' Astonish'd Hemisphere ;

Who Acting like those senseless Bodies too,

Diffus'd their Influence round, and nothing knew :

Blind Impulse, and Necessity was Law,

To warm the distant Lands, which clearly saw ;

Deny'd above to fix their Orbs of Light,

Reel back, and ramble thro' the Shades of Night.

She, as a sham'd, her Sable Mantle spreads,
 Dark, as their Crimes, to shroud their guilty Heads.
 Now largest Constellations, which should be
 Most present, dwindle to Obscurity.
 So when from Earth vile Exhalations rise,
 And with their sultry Wings attempt the Skies;
 False blazing Meteors ape Æthereal Fire,
 But headlong fall, instead of mounting higher;
 Amidst inferior Clouds collect a Sphere,
 (Such Fam'd *Augusta* late alarm'd with Fear,)
 Form'd to misguide th' Unthinking Traveller.

When Profligates our Church's Frame support,
 And Beggars raise the Grandeur of the Court;
 When They to Civil Trust stand strongest Guard,
 Who ev'ry Branch of Honesty discard;
 Or They best Patrons prove to Pious Truth,
 Who damn Religion with Unhallow'd Mouth;
 Whose Lovely Charms their base Designs have gilt,
 Stalking beneath our very Temples built;

For shining Trophies born from Honour's Field,
 Now scorn'd by *Europe*, which were once her
 [Shield.

Here Publick Vows, and Treaties under-trod,
 Provoke fierce Ire of an Avenging G O D,
 There *Laws*, *Religion* raise their clam'rous Cry,
 Expiring *Liberty* lies bleeding by.

Dragg'd on strange Shores misguided A N N A stands,
 And hears deep Sighing of Confed'rate Lands.
 Repining *Austria* first, but vainly strove,
 And faithful *Belgia's* Accents hardest Rocks wou'd
 [move.

Vollies of loud Complaints they both discharge,
 Reciting N A S S A U, and the promis'd G E O R G E ;
 For these stand equal on the Lists of Fate,
 Heroic Guardians to *Britannia's* State.

But now, false Oaths on *Pagan* Altars hung,
 Agast she looks, and pale with Conscience stung.
 What murm'ring Noises hiss from Foreign Coasts !
 Oh ! Hark ! What hideous Shrieks of *Barcelonian*
 [Ghosts ,

Brave

Brave fearless Men ! With Shame your Loss I view.
 How base your Perjur'd Friends ! How constant
 [You !

Ingloriously forsook, You chose to Die,
 Safe in the Glorious Cause of *Liberty*.

That Pow'r Divine which solemn Witness stood,
 Avenge on guiltier Heads Your Righteous Blood !

Nor let your just Appeals, your moving Cries,
 From Injur'd Rights, and Barb'rous Cruelties,
 Exact an undistinguish'd Sacrifice !

How trembled some, whilst Execrable Hands
 Assum'd the Scepter, but to scourge the Lands ;

Unequal to their Posts, nor cou'd sustain
 The Mighty Weights of an Important Reign.

Bold *Phaeton* usurp'd the Arduous Sky,
 Their melancholy Fathers standing by.

But when *Jove* rising from his lofty Throne,
 Espies th' Adventures of a Spurious Son,

The fiery Steeds, and torrid Regions round,
 Almost in one vast ruddy Deluge drown'd,

More

More Swift, and more Destructive Lightnings
[hurl'd,

Precipitate the Boy, to save a flaming World :

He sees the Changeling can no longer steer,

Then Thunder-struck down whirls the Charioteer.

So curs'd be He, and kick'd from Courtly State,
To such vile Traytors that's the Worst of Fate,
Who wish'd Himself, but not his Country Great.

Who twice insulting Justice dar'd her Sword,

By facing Crimes with ANNA's Sacred Word.

Blasphem'd the Goddess Royally resents,

And He too late most Loyally repents.

Deluded *Albion* ! This thy State befell,

A QUEEN from Heav'n, Her Counsellors from
[Hell.

Thro' various Toils, and Labours all the Day

She Reign'd, Fatigu'd, then Sacrific'd a Prey.

Her's was to Grant, whilst Their's was to Betray.

Happy in This alone, before She died,

She knew the *Patriot* from the *Parricide*.

Thrice

Thrice Curs'd be They, who with their treach'rous
[Cry

Extoll'd in Fact so lessen'd *Majesty* :

Who to acquire Themselves or Wealth, or Name,
Carefs'd the common Foe, and stabb'd *Britannia*'s
[Fame.

O Muse ! With Scorn, and Indignation fir'd,
Or with some Nobler Gust of Zeal inspir'd,
Expand thy Wings, with Eagle Eye pursue,
And swiftest Flight, that ignominious Crew,
More swift than They from injur'd *Albion* flew :
Whether Absconding in some lonely Wood,
Or sailing fearful on the raging Flood,
Or yet th' Uneasie Conscious Earth They tread,
And serve imaginary Kings for Bread,
Detect their Councils, all their Frauds reveal ;
Silence o're such Grand Frauds is Criminal.
How Wolves, and Tygers wrapt in Coats of Sheep
Devour'd the Flocks, they stood engag'd to keep.
How fam'd *Ossorius*, Darling of the Land,
Milled our Force with so inglorious Hand.

To such wise Heights of vain Profusion grown,
He spent the Publick Credit, as his own.
Relate that salvage and enormous Change,
Thy Laurel, *Daphne*, was not half so strange :
Thy Gen'rous Virtue claim'd the Gen'rous Wood,
But here misplac'd, it crown'd a Stupid God.
No uncouth Forms amusing *Ovid* boasts,
No Monster roaming on the *Afric* Coasts,
So stuns the Mind : Amazing Prodigy !
An *English* Gen'ral turn'd *Parisian* Spy !
Tell why Disgusted *Marr*, yet bouncing higher,
Repuls'd by Fate, sinks deeper in the Mire ;
Whilst He, perfidious Loon, attempts in vain
T' eclipse the Light of *GEORGE*'s Glorious
[Reign ;
And fights, Himself and Friends but to disgrace,
Opposing Heav'n, and her Illustrious Race.
Shock'd Elements contend with equal Strife,
To write the wicked Wonders of his Life :
Vast Mountains shine of cold *Riphaean* Snow ;
And Marb'd *Thamesis* denies to flow.

Roma, Grand Witch, with supercilious Smile,
 Calls Thee, *Britannia*, her *Enchanted Isle* ;
 Where Sottish Bigots meet in Factious Bands,
 And vow their own Destruction to her Hands.
 Swear fast for Ruin, dy'd a Crimson deep ;
 But Swearing for their Safety ; Lord ! how slow
 [They creep !]
 See ! Men transform'd by that infernal Rod,
 Which tries (prophane !) ev'n to bewitch her
 [G o d .
 Kings change to *Tyrants*, Subjects into *Slaves*,
 Wise Men to *Fools*, and Honest Men to *Knaves* :
 Aw'd by its Force, dumb-founder'd Husbands sneak,
 Whilst lawless Tongues of Gifted Consorts speak :
 Fatal Prognostick of *Britannia's* Woe !
 Where Cocks turn'd Hens, Hens ominously crow.
 Where Fathers spent their Noble Toil and Care,
 Now Sons more Infamy delight to share,
 Pull down their *Church*, their *Country's* Bowels tear.
 They seek to *Pagan* Princes, to secure,
 And keep their own *Reformed Worship* pure.

With *Non-Resistance* Shouts, and *Passive* Wings,
 Fly in the Face of *Parli'ments*, and *Kings* ;
 And call known Agents from the *Papal* See,
 Dear *Alma Mater*, to shake Hands with Thee.

Not *Cæsar*, when He first advanc'd in Arms,
 And rous'd Brave *Britons* with his proud Alarms,
 In Forest-Guize when rugged Warriors grinn'd,
 More frightful Forms cou'd on their Bodies find,
 Than Modern *Rome* has stamp'd upon the Mind.
 In various Shapes, with Magic on her Tongue,
 And wily Look, She draws the Captive Throng ;
 Conveys by pow'rful Sound of Conj'ring Words,
 Chains on their Hands, or Padlocks on their Swords ;
Church, High-Church, Ormond, Pope, Kirk, Commonweal,
Hereditary Right, Sacheverell.

Arangu'd with these, out breaks a bellowing Train,
 When All seems Woods and Wilderness again ;
 Old Phrenzy wing'd with loud promiscuous Cry,
 Confounds all Sense of True Church-Loyalty,
 And fills the troubl'd Land with howling *Herefy*.

Ah ! Curst Delusion ! whither hast thou led
 This new-born Faction, with its Blunder-Head ?
 Shou'd Man in Wisdom take a long Review,
 And trace the Steps, how *Publick Mischiefs* grew ;
 That hissing Serpent, *Roma*, first will shine ;
Roma stands Leader on the Rebel-Line,
 She, Haggard Fury, has more *States* undone,
 Than *Julius*, or the *Græcian Hero* won.
 She marks out Camps, big swol'n with Civil War,
 She acts thy perjur'd Part, O shameless *Marr* !
 She *Latium's* Self triumphantly embroils,
 O're-run with *Vice*, o're-weigh'd with *faithless*
 [Spoil
 She scuff'ing *Albion* into Atoms hurl'd,
 Not to create, but dissipate a World ;
 Whilst *Whig* and *Tory* shake her beauteous Frame,
 Neglect true Worth, and quarrel for a Name.

But what's still worse ? Some scorn the Sov'rain
 [Cu

And Causeless Ills, as causelessly endure ;

Like vapour'd Women, careless of Relief,
 Conceal, and more indulge their fatal Grief.
 Some brimfull Bowls of poy's'nous Juices drink,
 Then Stare, and Rave stark Mad, but never think;
 Ride Post on Folly, Swifter than the Wind,
 And leave Reluctant Sense and Truth behind.
 If pitying Heav'n a Great Deliv'rer raise,
 Him They reject, and still that Charmer praise :
 Like Insects feeding on a Putrid Wound,
 Their Sole Deliv'rance they in Danger found.
 O Blind *Britannia* ! Whoso Rescues You
 Legions of struggling Monsters must subdue,
 Awake the Dead, and cast out Devils too.
 Where Scandal, Lying, Perjury conspire,
 To quench all Honest Zeal, and fan th' Infernal Fire.
 Where Restless Malice forms fantastic Fright,
 Chimera's born with ev'ry Morning Light
 Live half a Day, but vanish e're it's Night.
 REBELLION, horrible, bred in thy Womb
 Alarms this Age, and threatens those to come.

Oppress'd

Oppress'd with Fears, fly to the Altar fly,
 With *Pure, Reform'd Religion's* piercing Eye.
 View that *Bright VICTOR* whom the Gods have
 [lent:
 But ah ! To what Ungateful Borders sent !
 His Pow'r immense thy senseless *Void* must fill,
 And save the Murm'ring Race against their Will.

Far in those Realms where glistening Turrets rise
 O're all the gilded Labours of the Skies,
 A Glorious Court for Truth, and Justice stands,
 Whence Heav'n proclaims around her High Com-
 [mands ;
 As Righteous, as Resistless Pow'r to show,
 And poise Unruly Kingdoms here below.
 (Here, tho' some little Villanies prevail,
 And pass Unpunish'd with a Prosp'rous Gale,
 Audacious Nation Wrongs are judg'd before ;
 Because, as Nations, We shall meet no more.)
 Commission'd thence, like a fierce Eagle rose,
 The Mighty GEORGE born to subdue thy
 [Foes.
 He

He Rampant *Roma* quells, supports thy Cause,
 And gripes that wriggling Serpent in his Claws.
 Hurl'd thro' the Air: Lo! from the Squalid Fiend
 Black Venom streams, and Show'rs of Blood descend.
 He Ruling, Happy *Britons*! 'Tis to You
 But the same Thing, to Conquer, or to View.
 Full-charg'd with Thunder, now He scours the Main,
 Now with Triumphant Wings He clears the Plain.
 Controuls the Surges of Unfaithful *Forth*;
 And stills the Madd'ning Troubles of the *North*.
 The *North* more fam'd for Men of boist'rous Minds,
 Than furious Blasts of rude Tempestuous Winds.
 An equal Wisdom his vast Might sustains,
 And holding Government in silken Reins,
 Indulgent Vertues more true Honour bring
 Than the Proud Name of *Conq'r* or of *King*.
 That Glorious Progeny, which shine so Bright,
 Great GEORGE! Thy Image, and the World's
 [Delight,
 Bid Happy Fathers Happy Sons carefs,
 Whilst mixing Joys, both stand impower'd to Bless.
 Our

Our *Church* secur'd, our Nation sav'd by Thee,
 Already we believe, we feel, we see,
 That God-like Offspring save Posterity.

'Gainst such a KING, who Bold *Rebellion* raise,
 But fix Him safe, and fight Him into Praise,
 Defeat Themselves, betray each luckless Friend,
 And doom their Cause to most inglorious End.

So late involv'd in Sanguinary Broils,
 Thirsting to Revel on their Country's Spoils,
 Who drew back Miscreants in a Num'rous Shoal,
 And with sly Arts *Britannia's* Brutes had stole :
 Such *Cacus's* now meet the vengeful Hour,
 And fall just Victims to *Herculean* Power.

Great GEORGE I N I F

}
 B
 M
 B
 F
 No
 C
 A
 T
 T
 A
 A
 T
 T
 C
 L
 M